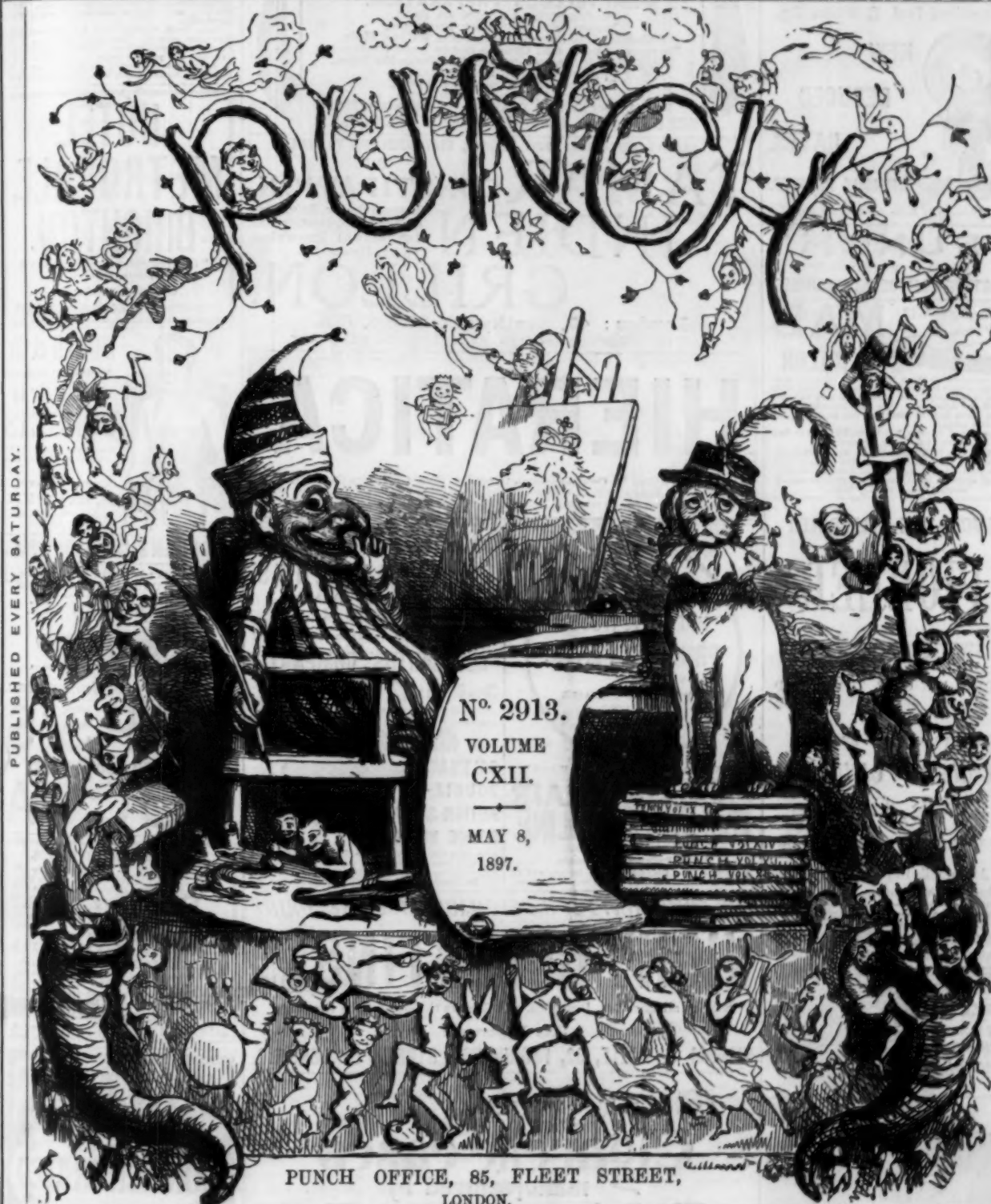


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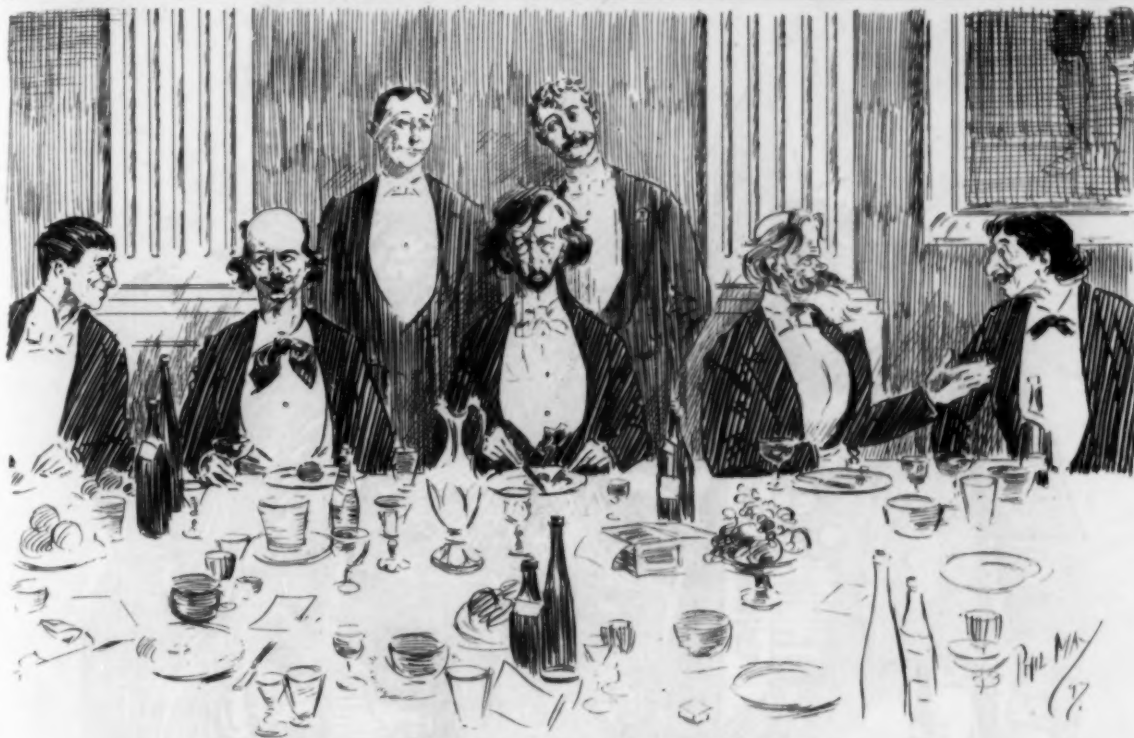
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AT A LITERARY AND ARTISTIC BANQUET.

Waiter (to Colleague). "WELL, THEY MAY 'AVE THE INT'ELLEC', FRED, BUT WE CERTAINLY 'AS THE GOOD LOOKS!"

DARBY JONES REFERS TO THE "TWO THOUSAND."

HONOURED SIR,—I can well understand that you, with other honoured patrons, were not altogether pleased with my diagnosis of the City and Suburban Handicap. Nevertheless, remember that I failed not to point out the transcendent merits of the Winner and of braw Bay Ronald, the while my outsider, *Amandier*, ran a dead heat for fourth place. You will observe, too, that I utterly disregarded the claims of such crass pretenders as *Crestfallen* and *South Australian*. The latter should be set aside as a mount for one of the gallant Antipodean Brigade, which has arrived to honour the Diamond Commemoration Day.

"After Epsom, Sandown!" the racing folk cried, just as the magnificent LOUIS QUINZE, King of France, Navarre, and other minor countries, invoked the deluge. Personally I do not appreciate Sandown, especially in very showery or very hot weather, when the toil from the station reminds one of the excursion of LONGFELLOW's hero in that abstruse poem, "*Excelsior*." "Sand up!" not Sandown, ought to be the cry, while ascending that inconvenient mount abutting on the most accidental course in Great Britain.

Let us rather to Newmarket. Have you, honoured Sir, ever seen, as I have, the ever-sportsmanlike Heir-Apparent cantering over the classic Heath on his cob at nine o'clock in the morning, and surveying with a critical eye the "strings" about which there is no "roping"? I trow not. Newmarket is indeed a glorious place, and that H.R.H. should forsake his well-earned

feather bed in order to examine the Ups and Downs of Racing, does not astonish yours truly.

The Two Thousand Guineas Race has not that importance which it held of yore, but among these latter-day saints of the Racing Calends, we must still remember such heroes as *Surefoot*, *Common*, *Isinglass*, *Kirk Connell*, and *St. Frusquin*. It used to be held as a Dress Rehearsal for the Derby Drama; it is now only the Preliminary Farce. Nevertheless, it commands the same respect which we bestow on the Acropolis of Athens, the Pyramids of Egypt, and St. Paul's Cathedral, because it smacks of remains. The Bard therefore dedicates these few lines to the object of a subject, which once aroused an interest second only after the event to Nunhead Cemetery. The Augur (mark his words) says:—

This used to be a race, but now
It seems to be a sort of promenade;
For ev'ry mare's apparently a cow,
And ev'ry horse unfit to meet a jade.
The *Irishman*, they say, will "funk" the task,
The *Royal Flunkey's* chances are much fainter,
The *Channel Islands* won't do what they ask,
So I must choose the *Primrose Spanish Painter*.
But don't forget, with women as with men,
A *Bard* may chant, "There's someone on the
Ken."

The Aggravated-Grandmothers League appears to be in want of friends. Let the members—I never met one—slip out of the circle of good bookies, and invest the price of the latest subscription from Mr. HAWKE on the carefully-weighed selection of
Yours ever on the spot,
DARBY JONES.

THE SPEC IN SEATS.

(A Possible Development.)

Letter No. 1.

May 10, 1897.

DEAR SIR,—Seeing that you have recently arrived from New York, and no doubt are desirous of securing a window to view the Diamond Jubilee Procession, I beg to submit the excellent situation described overleaf. The price will be £1,500.

Yours truly, MANAGER.

Letter No. 2.

May 20, 1897.

DEAR SIR,—The negotiations consequent upon your refusing to pay the price suggested in my letter of the 10th inst. having fallen through, I will again offer you the window. The price will be £1,000.

Yours truly, MANAGER.

Letter No. 3.

May 30, 1897.

DEAR SIR,—You will remember that ten day ago I had the pleasure of submitting a window to you for occupation on the 22nd of June. The price is now £500.

Yours truly, MANAGER.

Letter No. 4.

June 10, 1897.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to inform you that the window of which I have written several times, and which is described overleaf, is still unlet. The price is now £50.

Yours truly, MANAGER.

Letter No. 5.

June 20, 1897.

DEAR SIR,—As time presses, I beg to say that the window is still unlet. You can have it for £5.

Yours truly, MANAGER.

Telegram (reply paid).

June 21, 1897.

Window still unoccupied. Price five shillings. No reasonable offer refused.



A DECIDED PREFERENCE.

John Bull (to Miss Canada). "THANK YOU, MY DEAR! YOUR FAVOUR IS AS WELCOME AS THE FLOWERS IN MAY!"

["The immediate point is that Canada has decided to shift her main market from the United States to the United Kingdom."—*Times*, Monday, April 26.]



THINGS ARE NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM.

Short-sighted Old Gent (to realistic Scarecrow). "CONFOUND YOU, SIR, PUT YOUR STICK DOWN! CAN'T YOU SEE YOU ARE FRIGHTENING MY HORSE?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Thackerays in India (HENRY FROWDE), purports to be an account of the history of the family and connections of the great novelist. That purpose is fully accomplished. But beyond it Sir WILLIAM HUNTER, in a volume of less than two hundred pages, manages, with perhaps unconscious art, to give a picture of India in John Company's time, full of light and colour. His first chapter, "Some Calcutta Graves," conveys a more vivid impression of the birth of our Empire in India, and of the personalities of the men who brought it about, than some much larger tomes my Baronite has read through. The THACKERAYS Sir WILLIAM HUNTER follows in patient, loving quest from the first WILLIAM MAKEPEACE, who, in 1776, went out as a covenanted civilian in the service of the East India Company, down to the last and more illustrious, born in Calcutta on the 18th of July, 1811. Four sons of the first W. M. T., and fourteen of his descendants and kinsmen, served John Company. In the novelist's grand-uncle and guardian, PETER MOORE, is disclosed the lay figure which THACKERAY later clothed with the simple virtues and noble dignity of Colonel Newcome. Though ruined himself, cast down as Colonel Newcome was from a position of wealth and ease to one of poverty, PETER MOORE so well served his little ward, that when in 1832 THACKERAY came of age, he found himself in possession of £20,000. The book is fascinating from first page to last. It is worth more than it costs simply for this glimpse of Colonel Newcome in the flesh.

"I do not speak well your beautiful language, but I admire him," said, apologetically to a Frenchman, a certain distinguished English artist who loved to be mistaken by strangers for a foreigner. So quoth the Baron to the bicyclist, "I do not myself 'wheel,' but I admire him," and, on the "*humani nihil alienum*" principle, nothing that interests so vast a majority of Englishmen and Englishwomen can possibly be foreign to the large-hearted Baron. With pleasure, then, has he considered the pages of *The Complete Cyclist*, which is No. 2 of the Isthmian Library, published by INNES & Co., of Bedford Street. The Baron does not know who the "Co." in this firm may be, but how apposite for the publishers of any guide-book showing bicyclists and others where to go, and at what hotels to stay, would be the

name of "Innes and Outs." Curious to note, that at first a bicyclist was called "a cad on castors." Not a few caddish bicyclists there are, unfortunately, like the poor, "always with us," and many a lady and gentleman wheeler has had to suffer for coming into collision with these 'ARRIES of the wheel. In this book there are several very amusing stories, one of the best being the story of "The Duck and the Wheel," which sounds as if it were part of a menu. The "Scorcher" is ridiculed and denounced. Apparently every fair "bicycliste" must be a bigamist, as she cannot get along without a couple of "hubs." Decidedly an amusing, and, at the same time, to all "leaders" of the bicycling fashion, and to all "wheelers," an interesting and useful volume.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

A KEW-RIOUS PROPOSAL.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Seeing that considerable difficulty is being experienced by the Court officials in finding sufficient accommodation for the guests of HER MAJESTY during the Commemoration Festivities, I venture to suggest that the Representative of the Emperor of CHINA might be very comfortably housed in the Pagoda of Kew Gardens, which is at present, as useless as when it was erected, and denied to the public. It consists of nine stories and a basement, and no doubt could easily be converted into Celestial flats, with, let us say, a Jubilee lift. Moreover, Kew Gardens are celebrated for birds' nests, wherewithal to provide the necessary soup, and I can guarantee plenty of nightingales. Trusting that you will bring my idea to the notice of Sir SPENCER PONSONBY-FANE, or someone equally versed in the vicissitudes of Box and Cox,—I am, yours expectantly,

Willow-Pattern Lodge, Isleworth.

CAPRICORNUS JUNKET.

"TANTÈNE ANIMIS SEASIDITHUS IRÆ!"—Judging from the reports in the *Daily Mail*, and from some remarks in *Truth*, the recent royal visit of H.R.H. The Duchess of Teck to Ramsgate has resulted in a feeling of Wei-gall-and-bitterness among the Mayor, Corporation, and towns-folk of that salubrious seaside resort. The Mayor represents, in himself, the Head and the Hart of the town.



Eva. "MOTHER SAYS I AM DESCENDED FROM MARY QUEEN O' SCOTS."
Tom. "SO AM I THEN, EVA."
Eva. "DON'T BE SO SILLY, TOM! YOU CAN'T BE. YOU'RE A BOY!"

DOING THE TOWER.

It is a dull and chilly afternoon. The crowd of sightseers is large and miscellaneous; amongst them may be mentioned (1) a Matron from the Mile End Road, addressed as "Mrs. Edkins, Mum," whose hilarity expresses itself in the form of persiflage; with her, a bevy of factory girls, by whom her humour is keenly appreciated. (2) A Person with a talent for impromptu platitudes which almost amounts to genius; with him, an adult nephew, who has the highly irritating peculiarity of never being at hand when addressed. (3) A tall Sergeant in the Guards, with his "young woman" and her married sister. (4) A wheezy and husky old Lady, with an admiring country friend. (5) A Languid Man, with two bored Ladies, and (6) Our inevitable acquaintance, the Comic Cockney.

IN THE REGALIA ROOM.

Mrs. Edkins. That's 'EM MAJESTY'S best crown'd, that is. I wonder if she'd let me 'ave the loan of it some Sunday. I should look nice goin' down to Eppin' Forest with that on my 'ed!

First Factory Girl. Lorluvver, Mrs. EDKINS, mum, a top'eavy concern like that wouldn't stay long on your 'ed.

Mrs. Edkins. Oh, I dunno. With a couple o' 'at-pins!

The Sergeant's Young Woman (shrewdly). The Royal Family seems partial to salt, from the number and size of the salt-cellars they've got here!

The Sergeant. That's natural enough, being, as you may say, the salt of the earth themselves. In this case over here, you see (with an air of proprietorship), we keep the Swords of State!

His Companions (with awestruck reverence). What whoppers!

The Platitudinarian (to his Nephew). By a striking and beautiful allegory, the precise origin of which is lost in obscurity, the Sword of Mercy—though forty inches long—is entirely lacking in point.

The Comic Cockney (whom, owing to the gloom, he has addressed by mistake). You don't s'y so, Mister. Well, I've 'eard remarks since I come in 'ere as kin tike the shoine outer the Sword o' Mercy!

AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE ARMOURY.

The Comic Cockney (to his Companion). J'ever 'ear me purtend to be a kid? Jest you listen, then. (Approaches Warder on guard, presents ticket, and speaks in the excruciating falsetto of a stage-infant.) P'ease, Misser Beefeater, I wants my ticket pun'sed.

The Warder (after surveying him). You mean your 'ed.

[The C. C. crawls upstairs, crushed for the moment.]

IN THE CHAPEL OF ST. JOHN.

The Platitudinarian (to his Nephew). Strange to think that these very arches must have frequently witnessed the devotions of WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR and his family! How it thrills one with the consciousness of our close kinship with the past. Don't you feel that?

Youthful Policeman (whose arm he has taken in the darkness, modestly). Why, you see, Sir, not bein' related to the family myself, I can't 'ardly—

[He finds himself abruptly released.]

The Platitudinarian (to himself). It's an extraordinary thing that nephew of mine will lag behind like this. No, he's on ahead, in the Armoury. What good he expects to get by coming here if he doesn't keep with me, I don't—

[He follows in pursuit.]

IN THE BANQUETING HALL.

The Sergeant's Young Woman. I like the way they've done the walls and ceilings, all in patterns with swords. So out of the common.

The Sergeant (gratified). Yes, it's tasty. But you come along and I'll show you a trophy of Injain corn and a bird pursocoin' a butterfly, all made out of old bayonets and ramrods and gunlocks.

His Young Woman. What! a bird and a butterfly made out of bayonets! Well, you 'ave got some novelties 'ere, I must say!

First Factory Girl. 'Ulo, there's ole Queen ELIZABETH on the 'orse, d'yer see? and that's her page-boy 'olding of it.

Second Factory Girl (reading placard). "As she appeared on her way to St. Paul's to return thanks for the Destruction of the Spanish Armada." Well, she ain't dressed not what I call smart, would you, Mrs. EDKINS, mum?

Mrs. Edkins. I wouldn't be seen so shabby myself. Still (indulgently), she'd be nicelookin' enough, if it wasn't for her face.

IN THE COUNCIL CHAMBER.

First Bored Lady. It really is rather weird seeing, don't you think. I'm quite glad we came.

Second Bored Lady. Yes, all these old knights in armour are rather dears. (Checking a yawn.) Only there are so many of them!

The Languid Man. They're distinctly not bad. And they've got some tolerable things here. Here's the old beheading-axe, you see, and the block Lord LOVAR was executed on.

First Bored Lady. I think they're quite horrible. (Sleepily.) It makes me feel perfectly creepy to look at them.

Second Bored Lady (checking another yawn). But rather interesting. You can see the marks of the axe on the block quite plainly.

First Bored Lady. I don't see the use of preserving such horrid things—they only spoil one's tea.

The Platitudinarian (once more addressing his elusive Nephew). The executioner's axe! A sinister-looking implement indeed. How many noble and promising careers have been cut short by that grim hatchet!

The Bystander (a complete stranger, but sympathetic). Yer right, Guv'nor, it's took the crumpets orf of a good few blokes in its toime, ain't it?

[The Platitudinarian moves away in wrathful discomfiture.]

The Wheezy Old Lady (to her Friend, as they inspect a mounted effigy in tilting-armour). You see, my dear, you see, this was when they 'ad 'and to 'and fighting, whereas now, you see, they fight a 'undred miles away from one another, which is very different.

Her Friend from the Country. Law, Mrs. BELLARS, mum, I do like to 'ear you talk, I dew. But 'owever them sojers could get on top of a 'orse at all in them stiff iron petticoats—well, that beats me.

Mrs. Bellars. They 'ad their ways, my dear, depend upon it. Some, now, 'ud tell you it was done by pulleys; others, as the man stood a-streddie across two blocks, and the 'orse led under him—or again, they might ha' used a pair o' kitching steps, or trained the 'orse to lay down—same as camels—but it stands to reason it was done *some'ow*.

Her Friend. It's a wonder wherever you dew get all your knowledge from. I declare you've a word to say 'bout everything.

Mrs. Bellars. Well, o' course, my dear, o' course, living in a place like London, well, it *do* stimulate the intellecks.

A Guide (to his party). This curious 'elmet, the one you see with twisted ram's horns, painted mask, and round iron spectacles, was long supposed to have belonged to the celebrated jester, WILL SOMERS, but is now known to have been presented to HENRY THE EIGHTH by the Emperor MAXIMILIAN.

The Intelligent Member of his party. I see, yes. For the Fifth of November, eh?

IN THE BEAUCHAMP TOWER.

A Mother. Only fancy, CHARLIE, all these carvings on the walls were done by poor people who had their heads cut off afterwards outside in the yard there!

Charlie (who has observed the notices prohibiting the Public from defacing the Stones). What do they do to people who carve their names on the wall now, Mummy?

The Languid Man. Some of the prisoners seem to have had a very fair notion of carving.

First Bored Lady. Yes, poor dears, I daresay it was quite an amusement for them. There's nothing *else* to see, is there?

The Plitudinarian (addressing—with his usual luck—the Comic Cockney). Ah, if these old walls could only speak, what tales they might tell!

The Comic Cockney. Not much they wouldn't, Guv'nor. They wouldn't git no chornce while you were about!

The Plitudinarian (to himself, catching an explosive snigger from behind). This is the very last time I come out with that boy! He's no companion for me!

OUTSIDE.

First Factory Girl. See that plice they've riled in? That's where they chopped ANNE BOLEYN's 'ed off, strite, it is!

Second Factory Girl (interested). Lor! 'Ere, less go an 'ave a jig on it. Come on, Mrs. EDKINS, mum!

Mrs. Edkins. Not me! One o' them ole bloks in the blue penwipers (alluding to the Warders, who are wearing their winter capes) might 'ave my 'ed off if I did. I'm goin' to 'ave a little talk with some o' these sojer-boys, I am. (*Addressing some privates, who are standing outside the Mainguard.*) I say, boys (in the tone of a person who has just discovered an abuse), there's a pore young man stuck up over there agen the wall with a gun in his 'and, and he won't move! I can't git 'im to pass a remark.

First Private. All right, Mother, you let him alone—he's doing his dooty, he is.

Mrs. Edkins (suddenly seized with patriotic enthusiasm). 'Evin bless yer, my boys! You fight for your QUEEN, you do!

Second Private. Ah, and for you, too, if needed.

Mrs. Edkins (with feminine variability). Lorluveyer, I don't want yer to fight for me. I can fight for myself, I can.

Third Private. Better leave that to us, Mother.

Mrs. Edkins (unaccountably aggressive). If you was to give me a black eye, I could give you two—I tell yer that much!

The Factory Girls (leading her gently towards the archway). Lor, Mrs. EDKINS, mum, don't you git a torkin to them—they ain't on'y a lot o' lobsters!

Mrs. Edkins. I was on'y a-tellin' of them that they've stuck a pore young man agen the wall, and, try as I may, I can't git 'im to—

[She and her party disappear round the corner, hilarious to the last.]

MOST POP-ULAR!—Bravo, M. HEIDSIECK! A really magnificent gift! One hundred dozen bottles of champagne, '93, for distribution among all the hospitals of London! What a rush there will be to become a patient in any one of the wards where Heidsieck, '93, is prescribed by the Faculty. Real pain to disappear after a tumbler of sham pain! Chills to be cured by draughts of the beverage which, in the slang of a few years ago, was known as "the Boy." "*O Formosus puer nimium*"—but there cannot be "*nimum*" of the "*Formosus puer*." The last years of the century are made memorable by this Fin-de-Heid-sieckish bounty!

CATERING.—It is announced that Messrs. SPIERS AND POND have taken the Furness Hotel. We presume that they will provide it with a silver grill.



A PASTORAL PUZZLE.

SHEEP SEARCHING FOR THEIR LOST SHEPHERD.

A BALLADE OF CHIMNEY-POTS.

[“This article of head-dress, which gives the finish to the gentleman.”
Letter in the “Times” from a Firm of Hatters.]

O TELL us not of laurel crowns, which might
Have decked the singer of another lay,
Of Greek or Roman helmets to affright
The fearful foe in some immortal fray!
Hence Tudor cap, and Stuart hat away!
’Tis but a hundred years since we began
That crowning glory, nobler than the bay,
“Which gives the finish to the gentleman.”

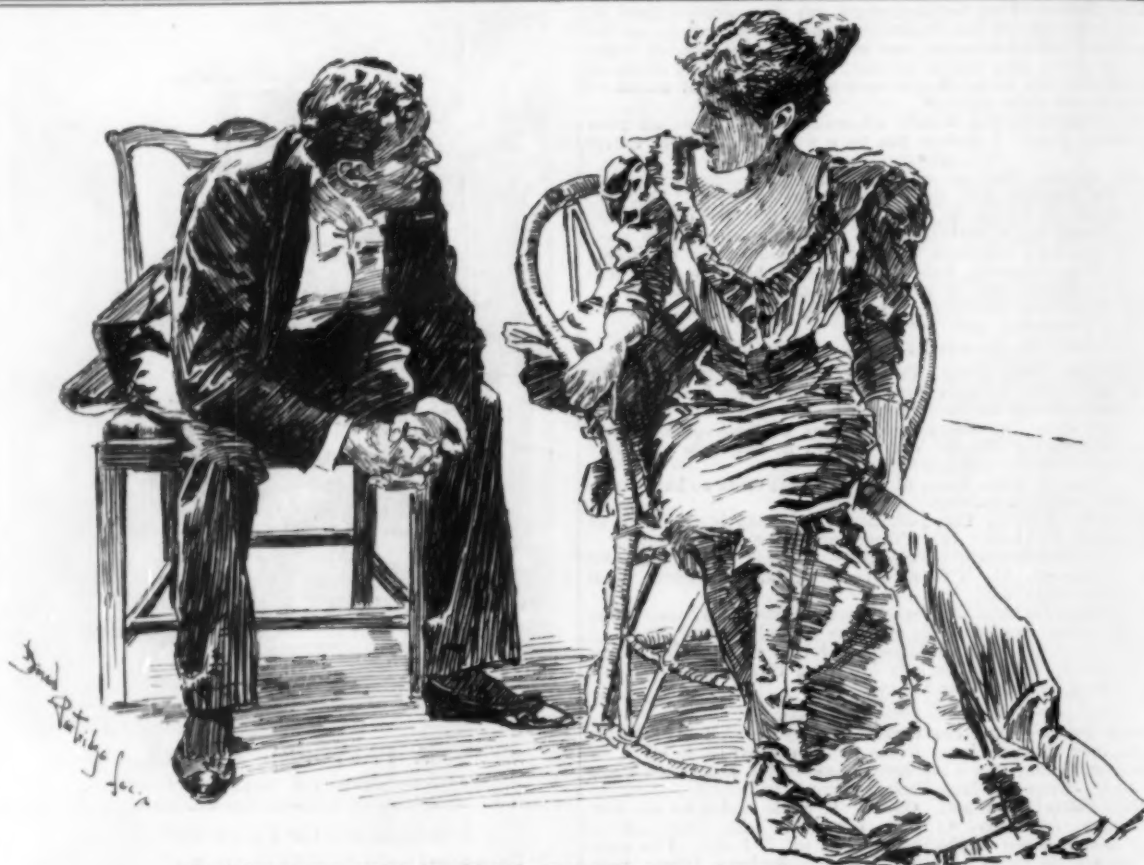
Bald CÆSAR would have hailed it with delight,
Better than wreaths to wear throughout the day.
Alas, Black Prince and BAYARD you were quite
Ungentlemanly bounders in your way!
Nor you, nor Cœur-de-Lion, could array
Yourselves in what our counter-jumper can,
In those dark ages you could not display
What “gives the finish to the gentleman.”

POOR PHIDIAS lived ungladdened by the sight
Of such a head-dress, graceful, gallant, gay.
VELASQUEZ, REMBRANDT, TITIAN—king, or knight,
In chimney-pot they never could portray.
That’s why the modern man, perhaps R.A.,
Excels them all, for he can daily scan
The hat, unknown to duffers such as they,
“Which gives the finish to the gentleman.”

Envoi.

Prince, you whose taste in dress these hatters say
Is universally acknowledged, can
You not begin a better hat which may
Give, likewise, finish to the gentleman?

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS’S MOST “HAPPY THOUGHT.”—For her excellent practical suggestion and her liberal contribution towards the funds for carrying it out, the Princess will dwell in the memories of the “Children of the Jago” not only as Princess of Wails, but as Princess of Good Cheer! Three times three for H.R.H.!



She. "I TOLD YOU THAT YOUR OLD AUNT HAD A WILL OF HER OWN."
He (tired of waiting). "I KNOW SHE HAS. I ONLY WISH SHE'D ENABLE US TO PROBATE IT!"

THE MODISH MAY-QUEEN.

(By a Modern Daughter of Babylon.)

I MUST wake and rouse up early, rise up early, mother dear;
 To-morrow 'll be the tryingest time of all the London year,
 Of all the social year, mother, the tryingest, tiringest day;
 For Art is our Queen o' the May, mother, Art is our Queen o' the May!
 There'll be many a tired, tired eye, mother, but none so tired as mine,
 When I've "done" the leading pictures, when I've toed the R. A. "line."
 Then there'll be the "New" and Jan Van Beers, a.d.—oh! more than I can say;
 For Art is our Queen o' the May, mother, Art is our Queen o' the May!
 I shall sleep so sound o' nights, mother, I shall never want to wake,
 With the "head" of an R. A. crowd, and a back that seems like to break.
 But I must gather hints and tips, and learn knowing things to say;
 For Art is our Queen o' the May, mother, Art is our Queen o' the May!
 I'd rather be in the valley where Spring Nature I might see,
 For much modern Art is—entre nous—a mystery to me;
 I'd rather watch the lilac bud, and the little lambkins play;
 But Art is our Queen o' the May, mother, Art is our Queen o' the May!

I shall feel just like a ghost, mother, my cheeks all drawn and white;
 I'd rather run in the meadows, mother, watching the blackbirds' flight,
 But then they'd call me a Philistine, a most awful thing to say;
 For Art is our Queen o' the May, mother, Art is our Queen o' the May!
 The task most trying I fain would shirk, but that can never be.
 They say that Art is long, mother—and so it is, to me!
 There's many a nicer way of passing a warm, bright, springtide day;
 But Art is our Queen o' the May, mother, Art is our Queen o' the May!
 I'd rather be rustic maid, and dance round a Maypole on the green.
 I wish that Art, in its modern phase, had never been made our Queen.
 But to bow to her like an idol huge we must flock from far away;
 For Art is our Queen o' the May, mother, Art is our Queen o' the May!
 Society truckles to the brush, and to the chisel cowers;
 So we must crowd the R. A. or "New," and do cuckoo-talk for hours.
 All about "values," "tone," "technique,"—what they mean I cannot say;
 But Art is our Queen o' the May, mother, Art is our Queen o' the May!
 The critics'll come and pose, mother, and cocksure strictures pass,

And the artists—they are free, frank chaps—swear the critic is an ass.
 There'll be no rest, scarce a flop on a seat, the whole of the livelong day;
 For Art is our Queen o' the May, mother, Art is our Queen o' the May!
 Upon Show Sunday, mother, I felt stale, and fagged, and ill;
 And the Private Views, which one can't refuse, just make one wearier still.
 And the rivulet of Society talk must ripple round Art, they say;
 For Art is our Queen o' the May, mother, our autocrat Queen o' the May!
 So I must wake and get up early, breakfast early, mother dear, [London year:
 To-morrow 'll be the heaviest day of all the To-morrow 'll be of this Jubilee Year the awfullest, achingest day;
 For Art is our Queen o' the May, mother, our London Queen o' the May!

OPEN SESAME!

"We have the Muses nine, the Graces three,
 And all the passions—under lock and key."
The Poet Laureate's Poem, at the Opening of the new "Her Majesty's."
 ALFRED, if you've the Nine, and Three,
 Confined—as in Pandora's box—
 Pray, now you're Laureate, set them free!
 Ungracious 'tis to turn the key—
 And in the rustiest of locks—
 Upon them, till we hardly know
 If even Hope remains below!



HAMLET AT ATHENS.

KING GEORGE (*Prince of Denmark*).

"THE TIME IS OUT OF JOINT; O CURSED SPITE!
THAT EVER I WAS BORN TO SET IT RIGHT!"



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Clerk (in the temporary absence of his Employer). "ARABELLA!
ARABELLA! BLOW ME A KISS!"



His Employer. "IT ISN'T ARABELLA!!"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

Overlooking the Gardens of the Crystal Palace on a hazy evening in early Spring, a Disappointed Being pens some lines to One whom he hopes to recover.

ALL dreamily the purple mist
Creeps o'er the wooded vale,
With here and there a spire sun-kissed,
Like beacons of the dale.
And yonder, where the tender green
Is leaping from the brown,
Grim spurs of sullen grey are seen
Outlying forts of Town.

Here at my feet those flowers nod
That make the Summer's dawn,
Mid bosky dells as yet untrod,
And grass not "out" in lawn.
The rosary is faint with bud,
The hawthorn holds its sprays,
While PAXTON on the gravelled mud
The scarce-clad nymphs survey.

'Twas on an evening just like this
We'd dined on BERTRAM's best,
The champagne raised our bubbling bliss,
The menu gave us zest.
We'd eaten new asparagus,
And duckling, and green peas,
Ice-pudding, too, they found for us,
And first New Forest cheese.

Such primeurs would the gods regale,
Our hearts were young and gay,
We deemed the light could never fail,
But shine for us alway.



The Police are to be supplied with a short Serge Jacket for the warm weather. Let us hope the Serge will be thoroughly shrunk, and that we shall never see Robert as above.

You whispered you would e'er be true,
That I was best of men,
I pointed out our church to you,
It smiles to-day as then!

When suddenly down came the rain
With pelting crash of hail,
That covered up our fair demesne
In one long streaming veil.
Our park was gone, our landscape bright
Was desolate, forlorn;
And so began that weary Night
That has not found its Morn.

An omen surely 't must have been,
My banker failed next day,
And all the primeurs good and green
Were gone and put away.
But now there comes no stormy spell
To work its wicked will,
I've got back all I lost, but—well,
Our church is waiting still!

A Zoological Conundrum.

Intending Tenant (to Lord BATTURNATH's Head Keeper). And how about the birds? Are they plentiful, GASKINS?

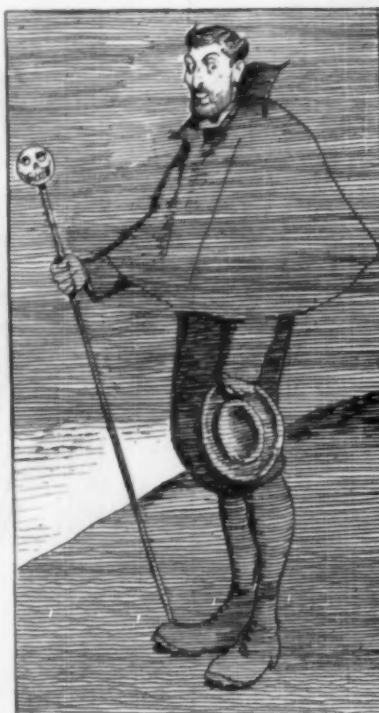
Gaskins. Well, Sir, if the foxes of our two neighbours was able to lay pheasants' eggs, I should say there'd be no better shooting south o' the Trent.

AN ATTEMPT WARD-ED OFF.—The endeavour of the Radicals to pick a crow about Crewe.

ROYAL ACADEMY PEEPS.



No. 670. "Pearls before Swine!" An incursion of the inhabitants of No. 678! W. H. Margetson.



No. 638. The Haggard Novelist of the Cape! "What a thundering storm there will be directly!" M. Greiffenhagen.



No. 291. The Perils of Steep Perspective! "Hold up, mother; it's only like the switchback!" J. S. Sargent, R.A., Elect.



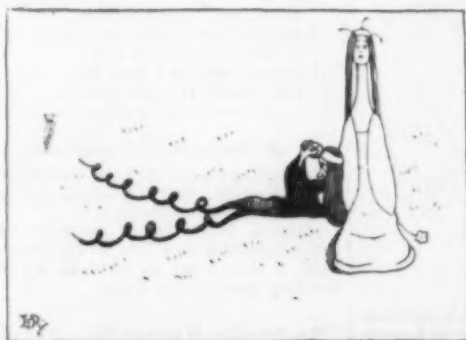
No. 591. The Accomplished Collie! "A dog teekut tae Glasgie, please." J. H. Lorimer.



No. 609. The Disadvantage of being hung next to a Battle Picture. David Farquharson.



No. 388. H.R.H. "Just a trifle, please, for my Jubilee Hospital Fund!" Julian Storey.



No. 477. Design for a Double Corkscrew; or, Gimlet, Prince of Denmark! E. A. Abbey, A.R.A.



No. 527. The Last Rehearsal at the Lyceum! Harold H. Piffard.



CONVERSATIONAL PITFALLS.

Bertie Spiller (to Miss Wilson, an hotel acquaintance). "OH, YES, MOTHER AND I ARE TROTTERING ROUND TOGETHER. BUT DON'T YOU FIND TRAVELLING ALONE RATHER DULL?"
 Miss Wilson. "NOT ALTOGETHER."
 Bertie Spiller. "AH, I EXPECT YOU'RE ONE OF THOSE WHO DON'T CARE FOR ANYBODY—AND NOBODY CARES FOR YOU!"

AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

THIS, the One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Royal Academy Exhibition, will be memorable as the first under the Presidency of Sir EDWARD J. POYNTER. "What's an 'at without an 'ead?" wrote a very ancient author of burlesque, and, *à propos* of Sir EDWARD, an 'ARRY may ask, "What's a Nacademy without a Ned?" Sir EDWIN LANDSEER would have rejoiced could he have foreseen that a POYNTER would take the Presidential chair at the Council of "clever dogs," all Royal Academicians. Conspicuous this year among "The Elect" are the works of JOHN SINGER SARGENT—a Sargent worthy to be a Colonel, a Singer to be reckoned among the Great Tone Poets.

No. 76. JOHN MACWHIRTER, R.A., gives us "*Affric Water, looking up*." This eminent artist should be at once engaged by the Amalgamated Apollinaris and Johannis Co., to illustrate the shares in these two waters "looking up."

No. 77. BRITON RIVIERE, R.A., instead of such a subject as *Una and the Lion*, presents us to *A Lady and a Donkey*. The lady has just alighted, and the donkey shows no signs of moving. "If," quotes the lady to herself, "I had a donkey what wouldn't go, Would I wallop him? Oh, dear no!" But I'd dress him up in bright ribands, put a leopard's skin on his back—just to remind him of the old *Æsopian* fable—and, whatever might be said as to his obstinacy, I would stand by him to the last—that is, while my portrait was being painted."

No. 84. Portrait of an unfortunate young gentleman, who is looking very serious, and enough to make him, as he is so leaning to the left that it is evident he has *lost his balance*, and has hardly anything to support him. This is by W. W. OULESS, R.A.

HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A., has done a goodly number of portraits, but his gem is in the Sculpture Gallery, No. 2052, "*The Presidential Badge of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours*," which no lover of art should fail to see, whatever else he may not have time for in this Academy. In this room, too, note "*George Alexander—bust*" (*absit omen!* but GEORGE ALEXANDER is a theatrical manager), by ONSLOW FORD, R.A.; also a life-like bust of *Sir Richard Quain, M.D., F.R.S.*, Most Extraordinary Physician, &c., &c., by THOMAS BROCK, not the fire-work maker, but the Royal Academician. GEORGE FRAMPTON'S *Dame Alice Owen* is so marvellously life-like that the awed spectator is fully prepared to see it move its head, lift its stick, and perhaps step down and ask for a catalogue.

Look at No. 2053, female figure, which, like the lady at the Derby that wouldn't bet, "has nothing on," and is holding a scimitar in a most dangerous position. It is called *Salome* ('ARRY will read it out as "Sal Ome"), and is the work of Mr. BERTRAM MACKENNAL.

No. 2024. *Pope Leo XIII., P.M.* Signor RAFFAELLI NANNINI represents his Holiness in the most smiling mood. Probably after mid-day refectation. Had it been "A.M." instead of "P.M." the expression might have been less genial.

No. 1001. *Calm in the Channel*. Delightful little picture. Might have been aptly called, "*Where all is Blue*." There is no shore visible, except in the name of the artist, J. RICHARD BAGSHAW, a grandson of that great marine painter, CLARKSON STANFIELD.

No. 453. Special correspondents a hundred years ago, asking for information during an Egyptian campaign. W. C. HORSLEY.

No. 445. *Temptation of St. Anthony* (for the thousandth time). The Saint not to be tempted by any amount of "monkeys" (no "ponies" were offered), cannot be attracted by a study from the nude, or a mere bare idea, as suggested by JOHN C. DOLLMAN.

* Some of the demon monkeys worthy of a Walpurgis night.

No. 558. Quite an ideal master of hounds. Where did he get his hunting breeches and topless boots made? Hounds apparently stuffed with cotton-wool. Painted by CHARLES W. FURSE. Quite a "*tour de force*."

No. 580. "*There's a picture for you!*" *Tableau Vivant!* No one must leave the Academy without studying the picture, and thanking the Hanging Committee. It is called "*A Trial for Bigamy*," by EYRE CROWE, A.R.A. Pity it cannot be bought for an automatic show, where you "put in a penny and the figures will work."

No. 278. Congratulations to GEORGE H. BOUGHTON, R.A. He paints "according to his lights," and the effect of these torches is excellent.

Our artist has shown how admirably JOHN S. SARGENT has depicted *Mrs. Carl Meyer and Children*—quite the portrait picture of the year—on a sliding scale, a sort of drawing-room tobogganing exercise.

SUMMARY.—Academy exhibition, on the whole, not up to the highest oil and water mark.

EVIDENTLY TRUE.—What Sir E. MONSON said as he sailed away: "There's a large heart in this Brest."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TONY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 26.—Something under two hundred Members come back after Easter holidays. Look much more like as if they were going to a funeral. Depression so overpowering that by nine o'clock feel they really can't stand any more. So House counted out, which is pretty well for a Monday night in April. Incidentally, second reading of Necessitous Schools Bill carried after feeblest show of opposition. Government offer Schoolboards little present of over £100,000 a year. Like young person who shall be nameless they "want more." Make show of righteous indignation at inadequacy of dole compared with that bestowed on Church Schools. But half a loaf better than no bread.

"They pocket the money," said PRINCE ARTHUR, "whilst snapping at the hand that bestows it. Would give a few half-crowns to charity out of my private purse if I were in position to get up after CHANNING had moved his hostile amendment and announce that in view of honest scruples of gentlemen opposite, the Government feel bound to withdraw Bill for present Session. How they would howl; even cut themselves with knives. But JOKIM says subject too serious. We can't afford to play with another Education Bill. So they have their growl and our £100,000."

Only ray of consolation on dull, dark evening found in contemplation of countenance of JOHN O' GORST, time-honoured Educationist. As SARK has said before, the world has lost a great actor in GORST's accidental divagation into politics. Delightful to watch his face to-night as he sat on Treasury Bench actually in charge of an Education Bill. Behind him, visible to the mind's eye, sit ghostly figures of the Committee of Privy Council on Education. Now and then he furtively looked up and down the Treasury Bench to see if he was truly left in untrammelled charge. Practically that was so. Occasionally PRINCE ARTHUR stole in with studiously casual air. Possibly secretly anxious to learn if the Vice-President of the Council had broken out in any fresh place. Anxiety concealed behind smiling countenance. Would not presume to approach his own seat as Leader of the House. The Leader *pro tem.*, the Minister in charge of an important Bill, was his esteemed friend the Vice-President of the Council. With him at the helm all was well with the Ship of State.

All the same, PRINCE ARTHUR thought it desirable to ask the SOLICITOR-GENERAL to remain in close attendance till the Bill was through second reading. A thoroughly safe man Sir R. FINLAY. No kicking over the traces with him.

Business done.—Necessitous Board Schools Bill read second time.

Tuesday.—It will be remembered how when Mr. Vincent Crummies found in local newspapers paragraphs eulogistic of his own art, or the talent of his incomparable company, he was struck with marvel as to "how these things get in the papers." There's nothing of Crummies about HICKS-BEACH, save, momentarily, a similar state of marvel. Here are the newspapers saying that Conservative Member for Crewe has resolved to resign his seat. So credulous is the public in these matters that, reading announcement in print, they accepted it without reservation. The local Conservatives, who might be expected to

know the mind of the sitting Member on so important a matter, selected another candidate. Nay, so astute, far-seeing, and well-informed a personage as DON JOSE, wrote a letter wishing the new candidate success!

The Liberals selected their man; the fight in full swing, when it occurs to the SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE to ask HICKS-BEACH if ROBERT WARD really had applied for the Chiltern Hundreds. No, said HICKS-BEACH. It's all those newspapers. "One more of the numerous instances in which a newspaper report is incorrect."

The SAGE's mind is as childlike as his manner is bland. It was startling to hear on this unimpeachable authority that whole



A SUGGESTED QUESTION FOR MR. C-GH-LL.

"May I ask the Chancellor of the Exchequer whether he has received any application from Unionist Members expressing their desire to vacate their seats in order to contest Crewe?"

business rested upon newspaper invention. If HICKS-BEACH said it was so, so it must be. But how about DON JOSE's letter? His knowledge is anterior to newspapers. He could not possibly evolve out of his inner consciousness the conviction that a critical election for a seat held by a Government supporter was pending owing to resignation of sitting Member. How about the COLONIAL SECRETARY's letter recommending a candidate for a seat that was not vacant? The SAGE put the question with look of almost infantile embarrassment clouding his ingenuous countenance.

"I always," said DON JOSE, severely regarding the innocent intruder, "reply to letters addressed to me in suitable terms."

The SAGE sank back slowly upon his seat, staring into space with vacant eyes. There are some things beyond the comprehension of average man. He feebly felt this Crewe conundrum is one of them.

Business done.—Another Count Out.

Thursday.—Whilst HICKS-BEACH pictured the marvellous growth of the British

Empire within the limits of the QUEEN's reign, the Right Hon. JEREMIAH LOWTHER was a sight to see. Such a miracle as CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER dilated upon finds no parallel since the world began. The expenditure has more than doubled; but the revenue has forged ahead with even greater briskness. This means more taxation in the bulk, but so widespread has been prosperity, upwards and downwards, that the burden is borne in individual cases much more easily than when, at the time the QUEEN came to the Throne, it was half as heavy in aggregate bulk. This not only in spite of, actually by reason of, that Free Trade over which JEREMIAH makes Lamentation.

This would have been hard to bear from SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, brought up from early youth in quagmire paths. But from HICKS-BEACH, in private life a Tory squire, in public position CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER in Conservative Government! It was too much. Unwonted wrinkles marked JEREMIAH's mild and massive brow. An ashen grey tinged his sometime ruddy cheek. Once he pulled himself together, and feebly smiled. It was when HICKS-BEACH incidentally expressed the wish that HOWARD VINCENT had flourished in the year preceding the QUEEN's reign. JEREMIAH, who is quick at figures, knocked off a sum which demonstrated that in such case, the military and civil arms of the State, the public platform, and the Parliamentary forum, would to-day lack the counsel and the company of the warrior political economist. The House, seeing the point HICKS-BEACH slyly made, hilariously cheered. JEREMIAH sadly smiled, and as the CHANCELLOR proceeded with his heretical dogmas, he relapsed into attitude of utter woe.

"One of the stalest leaflets of the Cobden Club," he described the speech, when forcing himself to stand up to remonstrate against its delivery. But shocks like this are not easily got over. Early in the sitting JEREMIAH withdrew from public view, to nourish in secret this fresh stab dealt by the hand of a friend.

Business done.—Budget brought in.

Friday.—Lawyers came to the front to-night in Committee of Supply. On vote for Land Registry Office, showed strong desire to discuss Land Transfer Bill, at present in the Lords. Chairman LOWTHER sharply pulled them up. Out of order to discuss the measure on vote in Committee of Supply. The third offender in this direction being shut up, it seemed that vote might forthwith be passed, when HOPKINSON, Q.C., strolled in.

Charming fellow H. A pleasing presence, a low, clear voice, an admirable speaker. Looking at paper, finding Land Registry Office under discussion, thought he would say a few words. Rising diffidently, crossing one leg over the other, smiling sweetly round the expectant Committee, he began, "I think, Mr. LOWTHER, this is a singularly convenient time to say a few words about the Land Transfer Bill."

"Order! order!" roared the Chairman.

Smile faded from HOPKINSON's face; his twined legs gave way at the knees; dropping into his seat, he had explained to him how, unconsciously, he had offended.

"I think," SARK whispered in his ear, "this would be a singularly convenient time for you to go home before you get into further trouble." A hint HOPKINSON, Q.C., made haste to accept.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply. Few speeches, many votes.

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